The Pole Star Monthly

昭和七年七月九日第三種郵便物認可　昭和十二年九月廿五日印刷　昭和十二年十月一日發行（毎月一回一日發行）

VOL. XIII—NO. 3　OCTOBER 1, 1937　*Price 5 sen*　Published by the Hokuseido Nishikicho, Kanda, Tokyo

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PEKING IS A GRAND OLD PERSON WITH A GRAND OLD PERSONALITY

By LIN YUTANG

Peiping is to Nanking as Kyoto is to Tokyo. Both Peiping and Kyoto are ancient capitals, around which hang an aroma and mystery and historic charm which the younger capitals, Nanking and Tokyo, cannot possibly have. Nanking and Tokyo stand for the modern age, for progress, industrialism and nationalism, while Peiping stands for the soul of old China, cultured and placid; for the good life and good living, and for an arrangement of life in which the maximum comforts of civilization are brought into a perfect, harmonious relationship with the maximum beauty of the rural life.

That is why, if you ask a Chinese who knows both Nanking and Peiping, which one is closer to his heart, there is no question that Peiping will be the choice. That is also why a man—let him be Chinese, Japanese or European—who has lived in Peiping for a year wouldn't want to live in any other city in China. For Peiping is one of the jewel cities of the world. Except Paris and (by hearsay) Vienna, there is no city in the world that is quite so nearly ideal, in regard to nature, culture, charm and mode of living, as Peiping.

A Grand Old Person

Peiping is like a grand old person, with a grand old personality. For cities are like persons, with their different personalities. Some are mean and provincial, curious and inquisitive; others are generous, magnanimous, big-hearted and cosmopolitan. Peiping is magnanimous. Peiping is big. She harbors the old and the modern, being unmoved herself.

Modern young misses in high-heeled shoes brush shoulders with Manchu ladies on wooden soles, and Peiping doesn't care. Old painters with white, magnificent long beards live across the yard from young college students in their "public hostelries," (kungyu), and Peiping doesn't care. Packards and Buicks compete with rickshas and mule carts and caravans, and Peiping doesn't care.

Some Contrasts

Behind the towering Grand Hotel de Pekin is an alley where life proceeds as it has been doing for the last thousand years—who cares? A stone's throw from the magnificent Union Medical College, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, are ancient curio shops with ancient curio dealers smoking their water-pipes and doing business in their ancient ways—who cares? Dress your own style, pick your own restaurant, pursue your own hobby, follow love and beauty and truth, and practice shuttlecocks or violins—who cares?

Peiping is like a grand old tree; whose roots stretch deep into the earth and draw sustenance from it. Living under its shade and subsisting upon its trunk and branches are millions of insects. How are the insects to know how big the tree is, how it grows, how far it reaches into the ground, and who are the insects living across on the other branch of the tree? How can a Peiping resident describe Peiping, so old and so grand?

Difficult to Know

One never feels that one knows Peiping. After living there for ten years, one discovers in an alley an old crank, and regrets not having met him earlier; or a lovely old gentleman-painter with a big, bare belly sitting on a bamboo chair under a big locust tree, fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan and dreaming his hours away; or an old shuttlecock player who can make the shuttlecock travel inch by inch on his head and drop flat on the sole of his shoe at the back; or a society of sword fencers, or a children's school of dramatics, or a ricksha coolie who turns out to be a member of a former magistrate of imperial times. How dare one say that one knows Peiping? Peiping is a jewel city, a jewel city such as the eyes of man have not seen before. It is a jewel city of golden and purple and Prussian roofs, of palaces and pavilions and lakes and parks and princes' gardens. It is a jewel set with the purple sides of Western Hills and the blue girdle of the Jade Fountain stream and centuries-old pines looking down on human beings at the Central Park, the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. In the city are nine parks and three imperial lakes, known as the "Three Seas," now thrown open to the public. And Peiping has such a blue sky and such a beautiful moon, such rainy Summers, such cool, crisp Autumns and such dry, clear Winters!

A King's Dream

Peiping is like a king's dream, with its palaces, princes' gardens, hundred-foot boulevards, art museums, colleges, universities, hospitals, temples, pagodas and streets of art shops and second-hand book shops. Peiping is like a gourmet's paradise. It has centuries-old restaurants, with old, smoky signboards and wonderful waiters with shaved heads and towels across their shoulders, whose courtesy is perfect, since they were trained in the tradition of the imperial times and catered to high mandarin officials. It is a place for the rich and poor, where every neighborhood shop extends credit to a poor old resident, where peddlers sell delicacies cheaply and where you can loll at a tea restaurant and kill an entire afternoon over a pot of tea.

Peiping is the shoppers' heaven, being rich in China's old handicrafts—books, prints, paintings, curios, embroidery, jade, cloisonnes, lanterns. It is a place where you can shop at home, for dealers come to your doors with their wares, and in early morning the alleys are filled

with the most charming musical cries of hawkers.

Peiping Has Quiet

Peiping has quiet. It is a city of homes, where every house has a courtyard, and every courtyard has a jar of goldfish and a pomegranate tree, where vegetables are fresh, and pears are pears and persimmons are persimmons. It is the ideal city, where there is space for every one to breathe in, where rural quiet is finally matched with city comforts, where streets and alleys and canals are so arranged that one can find room for an orchard or a garden and glimpse the Western Hills while picking cabbage in the morning hours—a stone's throw from a big department store.

It has variety—variety of color, variety of atmosphere and variety of men. It has laws and breakers of laws, police and accomplices of police, thieves and protectors of thieves, beggars and kings of beggars. It has saints, sinners, Mohammedans, Tibetan "devil-expellers," fortune tellers, boxers, monks, prostitutes, Russian and Chinese taxi dancers, painters, philosophers, poets, collectors of curios, young college students and movie fans. It has political scoundrels, retired old magistrates, New Life followers, theosophists, wives of former Manchu officials, now serving as maids.

It has color—color of the old and color of the new. It has the color of imperial grandeur of historic age and of Mongolian plains. Mongolian and Chinese traders come with their camel caravans from Kalgan and Nankow and pass through its historic gates. It has miles upon miles of city walls, forty or fifty feet broad at the gates. It has gate towers and drum towers, which announce the evenings for the residents. It has temples, old gardens and pagodas, where every stone and every tree and every bridge have a history and a legend.

Of all the things that make Peiping the ideal city to live in, I would single out three: First, its architecture; second, its mode of living, and, third, its common people.

Architecture

The city dates back to the twelfth century but in its present form it was built by the great Ming Emperor Yunglo in the beginning of the fifteenth century—Yunglo was the Emperor who rebuilt the Great Wall—and it was conceived in true imperial grandeur. There is a southern city, slightly smaller than the northern city, and from the outermost southern gate of the southern city reaches inward a central axis five miles long, passing through successive gates and leading up to the grand Throne Hall.

In the center of the northern city is the Forbidden City surrounded by moats and walls covered with golden-colored tiles and supported at the back by the Coal Hill, with its five pavilions with rainbow-colored roofs of glazed tile. Coal Hill affords a straight view down the central axis; near by is the Drum Tower. On the west and south-west side of the Forbidden City are the Three Seas, which were the private boating waters of the imperial family.

Parallel to the main axis are two broad avenues, Hatamen Street in the East City and Hsuanwumen Street in the West City, each about sixty feet wide, and joining them, running east and west before the Forbidden City, is the great Tienanmen Street, over a hundred feet wide. Out near the southern entrance of the outer city, on either side of the main axis are the Temple of Heaven and the Teple of Agriculture, where the Emperor used to pray for a good new year and a good harvest.

As the Chinese conception of architectural beauty is serenity, rather than sublimity, and as the palace roofs are of the low and broad, sweeping type, and as nobody other than the Emperor was allowed to have houses with more than one story, the total effect is one of tremendous spaciousness.

Following up this vision of a central thoroughfare, and passing through its successive arched gates, one comes gradually to the main massive tower of the Forbidden City, after which marble terraces gradually lead up to the central Throne Hall. All along the tourist catches under the crystal-blue sky glimpses of the palace roofs with their golden-colored glazed tiles.

A Way of Life

But what makes Peiping so charming is the mode of life, organized so that one can have peace and quiet, while living close to a busy street. Living is cheap and life is enjoyable for all. While officials and rich men can dine in big restaurants, a poor rickshaw coolie can buy, with two coppers, a perfect assortment of oil, salt, pepper and vinegar for his cooking purposes, with a few leaves of some spicy plant to boot. No matter where one lives, one's house is never so far away that there aren't a butcher shop, a grocery store and a tea house in the near neighborhood.

And then, you are free, free to pursue your studies, your amusements, your hobbies, or your gambling and your politics. Nobody interferes and nobody cares a rap what you wear or what you do. Nobody asks questions. That is the bigness and cosmopolitanism of Peiping. You can associate with saints or sinners, gamblers or scholars, painters or crooked politicians. If you are imperially minded, you can loiter around the palace and the Throne Hall and imagine yourself an emperor for a morning or afternoon.

But if you are poetic, you can wander in any of the nine parks around the city and spend an afternoon at tea tables, sitting on bamboo chairs or inclining on rattan couches, beneath the pine trees, spending no more than 25 cents. And be sure you will not be insulted by the always cheerful and courteous waiters.

Or on a Summer afternoon, you can go to the Shihshahai Lake, half rice fields and half lotus ponds, where you can mix with the plebeians enjoying their leisure and watching boxers and jugglers. Or you can go out of the West Gate and saunter on the imperial highway leading to the Summer Palace under the shade of cool willow trees.

All around you are villages and wheat fields, with beggar children completely naked, who like to get a dime while playing on the roadside, anyway. You can start a chat with them, or you can close your eyes and pretend that you are asleep and hear the musical jingle of their voices gradually dying out behind you. Or you can go to the zoo, formerly a Manchu prince's garden, just outside the West Gate.

Or journeying past the present Summer Palace, wherein you could spend an entire day, you pass scenes of idyllic beauty until you reach the Jade Fountain with its marble pagoda beckoning to you, where inside you can spend another leisurely afternoon, dipping your feet in its cool gurgling water of an emerald color. Or walking farther, you can go to the Western Hills and be lost there for an entire season.

The Common People

The greatest charm of Peiping is, however, the common people. Not the saints and professors, but the rickshaw coolies. Paying about a dollar for a trip by rickshaw from

RED ARMY'S PRESTIGE IS LOWERED BY PURGE

The shooting of Marshal Tukhachevsky and even of the most prominent generals of the Red Army has ceased to be a matter of wonder in Russia. New men are already in the dead men's shoes.

At the head of the Army, as before, stands Marshal Voroshiloff, no longer the plain, blunt man of yore, but a cloudy, uncertain figure. Nobody knows whether to look upon him as the figurehead of the nationalist tendency in military circles or simply as representing the line of least resistance. His real attitude remains a mystery. His absence from the "trial" suggested disapproval, but his "Command" to the Army issued after the executions reviled his recent colleagues as traitors and spies. His part in the executions has not enhanced his prestige as Commissar of Defence.

Army circles who believe in the "crimes" of Tukhachevsky—if there are any who really believe—must blame Voroshiloff for having been blind to what was going on under his nose; those who doubt the official version may justly reproach him for weakness, for inability or unwillingness to protect his colleagues and subordinates. Under him the Army has lost its colleagues and subordinates. Under him the Army has lost its "immunity," which it had in fact enjoyed for many years, and been disgraced and shamed in the persons of its highest and most distinguished officers. All views agree about the fallen prestige of the Army.

Marshal Blucher

Marshal Blucher is the next in importance of the living marshals, of whom five (Voroshiloff, Tukhachevsky, Blucher, Yegoroff, and Budyonny) were created with the title in November, 1935. Tukhachevsky is said once to have helped in saving Blucher, who was involved in the Syrtsoff "plot" of 1930. Blucher, hitherto the unofficial "Viceroy" of the Far East, appears likely now to inherit the part of Tukhachevsky as the "brain center" of the Red Army, to determine its principles and military doctrine.

With all his unquestionable ability and even military talent, Blucher will not easily be able to fill the part of the impressive dead marshal, the "father" of Soviet tanks and aeroplanes. For there is too much in Blucher which recalls the partisan and the civil war, during which he commanded detachments, regiments, and divisions, while Tukhachevsky was leading whole armies. Tukhachevsky had the advantage of a systematic and finished military education, subsequently and continuously deepened and amplified by experience. But in the eyes of the Government Blucher, compromised by the blood of his comrades and promoted by their death, will be a more "trustworthy" support.

A Boon Companion

The third and next live Marshal is Budyonny, rather a decorative figure than a potential maker or leader of armies. He is certainly popular in the Army, especially among the lower ranks, but more as a boon companion than as a general or marshal, a living example for purposes of agitation of the "democratic spirit." He is apt, as of yore, to give the men a "singsong," to dance to or with them—as he did on board the Marat last autumn. He has been less spoilt than the majority by the reintroduction of military titles.

Next in rank is Marshal Yegoroff, now Deputy Commissar of Defense in place of Tukhachevsky. On a level with him is Admiral Orloff, Commander of the Naval Forces of the Soviet Union. Both are ex-officers, and unlikely to play more than a "technical" role. Of the five "First-Rank Army Commanders" only two remain unscathed, Shaposhnikoff, now Chief of the General Staff, and Byeloff, Commander of the Military District of White Russia, neither much more than pawns. Byeloff could not hope to retain his post under any regime other than the present, in which his position closely resembles that of three new commanders of other military districts, Moscow (commanded by Marshal Budyonny), Leningrad (General Dybenko), and Transcaucasia (General Kuibysheff).

Dybenko is the famous sailor of the old Russian fleet who married the more famous "Madame Kollontai," added to his "fame" by acts of cruelty during the civil war, and was a commander whom Tukhachevsky would not place at the head of any but out-of-the-way districts. Kuibysheff, a brother of the more famous Kuibysheff who held a number of the highest economic posts in the Government until his death two years ago, is scarcely known even in the Army. All the important promotions are of Stalin's associates in the civil war, all persons who have been averse from and in some measure passively opposed to the modernizing theories of Tukhachevsky. In no case has a "deputy-commander" of any of the executed generals been promoted to succeed his chief.

The New Watchword

The Government to-day appears to mistrust the younger generation of the men who fought in the civil war and afterwards passed through the school of Tukhachevsky or Kork, both of whom were zealous for a number of years in giving additional teaching and training to senior officers of the Army. There are only two men of this "school" who have maintained and even improved their positions. One is General Alksnis-Astroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Air Fleet and Deputy Commissar of Defence. The other is General Fedko, the new Commander of the Kieff Military District. He was Blucher's assistant in the Far East, to which post Tukhachevsky sent him from the Volga Basin in 1933 for the purpose of defending Vladivostock and the Maritime Province. The district he now commands ranks only second in importance among the military districts of the western front of the Soviet Union.

It is clear that, with all their ability and talent, it is not these two generals who will determine the further course and development of

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the West City to the Summer Palace, a distance of five miles, you might think that you are getting cheap labor; that is correct, but you are not getting disgruntled labor. You are mystified by the good cheer of the coolies as they babble all the way among themselves and crack jokes and laugh at other people's misfortunes.

Or coming back to your home at night you might chance upon an old rickshaw coolie, clothed in rags, and telling you his sad story of poverty and misfortunes with humor, refinement and fatalistic good cheer. If you think he is too old to pull rickshaws and want to get down, he will insist on pulling you to your home. But if you jump down and surprise him by giving the full fare, there's a lump in his throat and you are thanked as you have never been thanked before in your life.

—*New York Times.*

BOMBERS WILL WIN THE ★ ★ NEXT WAR ★ ★

By Capt. NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

The present Sino-Japanese hostilities in China have, more than any other engagement, not excepting the hostilities in Spain, shown the importance of bombing planes in major engagements.

In the following article a well-known British writer discusses the bomber as the master weapon of today, superior to warships.

During the air exercises recently I flew as observer in one of Britain's fastest bombers—the 279 miles an hour Bristol Blenheim. As we droned among the clouds, with the carpet of earth speeding past three miles below, I wondered how it is possible for people to delude themselves into the belief that more than the barest fraction of airplanes of this type could be destroyed before they reached their targets.

And the Blenheim is only the index of still faster speeds to come.

Cities are wide open targets for attacks by high explosive and the deadly thermite bombs whose incendiary compound burns at a temperature of 3,000 degrees Centigrade.

Such incendiary bombs of the smaller types could be scattered, literally, in showers, producing fires which unfortunately might get out of control, and so turn an urban district into a fiery holocaust.

Each military epoch in the history of mankind has produced a weapon which has had a paramount effect in war when properly applied.

Today that Weapon is the Bomber

Hitherto, the greatest safeguard against the bombing airplane has been the weather. During the Great War atmospheric conditions often kept the airplanes on the ground. But this handicap has been overcome in less than 20 years.

Now, with blind-flying instruments and automatic pilots, the airplane can sweep through clouds and fog with stability as perfectly maintained as in the clearest sunlight. Gone are the times when the moon was needed as a guide to fly by night.

The recent flight of the flying-boat Cambria from Ireland to Newfoundland is an excellent example of the capabilities of the modern airplane.

Night Flying

In that triumphant crossing of the world's most difficult aerial ocean passage, the commander of the Cambria, Captain Powell, flew blind through heavy rain and clouds for eight continuous hours against a strong head wind in the darkness of the night.

Those who know what flying means can visualize the conditions that he had to face.

Immediately in front of the flying controls the lighted instruments on the dashboard, like a night-light in a darkened room; beyond that, nothing but the rain streaming on the windows; all around invisibility, the spreading wings and stabilizing tailplane cleaving a steady passage through the heaving, storm-drenched air.

And remember that this part of the flight was made without the aid of wireless. Out of touch with the radio stations on each side of the Atlantic, the Cambria's commander flew by dead reckoning and kept to scheduled course over an air distance of 1,200 miles.

Three years ago such a flight would have been impossible. So swift has been the advance in aviation in this brief period! Designers, engineers, chemists, metallurgists, scientists, and master pilots have made this age-old dream come true.

And what the civil flying-boat has done the military bomber can equally achieve.

However much one may deplore the employment of the bomber as a military weapon, one cannot ignore the writing in the sky. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has a development of such profound importance threatened all the previously held conceptions of the art of war.

In Minor Wars

The naval and military commanders who steep themselves in the theories of the past as the guide to the future probabilities of war do so at the direct peril to the nations whose military destinies they guard.

So far—and for that we can be grateful—we have not seen a Great Powers' war in the air. From 1914 to 1918 the aerial forces were subjected to the needs of generals and admirals for land and sea warfare. Since those days the air weapon has been employed only in minor wars.

Yet, looking at the wars in Ethiopia, in Spain, and in China fairly and without cant, is it too much to say that without the bomber the story of several actions might have had a different ending? I do not think it is.

Apart from all questions of political prejudice, would Bilbao—a city that had hitherto successfully resisted siege—have fallen without the bomber as a weapon of attack?

Bombs Havoc

Would the Japanese have been able to dominate northern Hopei so swiftly without the bombers that they brought into action without the slightest hesitation?

At Tientsin the Japanese had the ascendancy in bombers. They were thrown into action within 15 minutes of the enveloping movement of Chinese troops. Soon Tientsin was being rapidly demolished by their bombs and the Chinese forces were in rout.

People sometimes say to me: If the bomber is so effective, why hasn't it finished the war in Spain already?

My answer to that is: Give one side in Spain a sufficient preponderance in bombers and the war would soon be over, as indeed was Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.

The truth appears to be that the majority of the airplanes in Spain are of the fighting and observation types.

In the House of Commons on July 19 Sir Henry Page Croft gave the number of airplanes brought down by General Franco's forces as 239. Of these, only 37 were bombers. The remaining 202 were fighters and observation airplanes.

To obtain its maximum effect the bomber must be adequately munitioned.

According to a German military writer, Colonel Rudolf von Xylander, in the first attacks on Madrid, bombs weighing 100lb. were used. They penetrated the ground to a depth of just over 3ft.

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the Red Army. The new watchword, "Bolshevize the Red Army," which Stalin has issued will be given effect to by men like Dybenko and Byeloff, politically more suitably prepared for the task and more "trustworthy."—*London Times.*

I know Madrid well, and that is just what I would expect. Many of its streets are paved with granite setts, which offer excellent resistance against light bombs.

550lb. Bombs

But when, later, bombs weighing 550lb. were used against the city, the penetrative effect was very different. Six-story houses were cut from top to bottom, and the bombs drove through five stories of ferro-concrete buildings.

Thus, to obtain the results that can be achieved from aerial war, two factors are of paramount importance:

First, the number of bombers available must be adequate for the particular campaign.

Secondly, they must be able to transport bombs large enough to deal with their specific targets.

Whenever the bomber has been so employed it has won the day. The reason is not far to seek.

In its power to engage in action swiftly the bomber is superior to any other weapon in existence. It can engage land and sea forces when and where the air commander wishes. It can prevent the approach of ships; it can pave the way for the advance of troops; it can outrange artillery.

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on."

The writing in the sky is plain to see today for all who have eyes to see. It is that, with the bomber now the master weapon, superior to the warship or to any other arm, the country that possesses the biggest force of really efficient bombers will win the next war.

—*The Daily Mail, London.*

BRITAIN TESTS AERIAL BRANCH OF THE FLEET

Future developments in aerial oversea tactics will be one of the most important of the tasks to be watched over by the new Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff (Air). It is clear from the official announcement of the appointment that Rear Admiral Cunningham is to devote his whole attention to the Naval Air Arm, and, while vital matters of organisation and supply (both of personnel and material) will absorb a great deal of his time, the tactical employment of the Air Arm is a problem needing the closest study. It is freely admitted by both naval and air leaders that in this matter we are all still in the stage of learning the alphabet, though some bright students are able to spell simple one-syllable words. The tactical school is an infant school plus a research station. And even the professors are barely more than pupil teachers.

The basic principles of tactics in war are, of course, immutable. It is the employment of the weapon within those principles that provides the problem. Here, then, we must be prepared for a state of flux; the experiment of today which promises so well may be completely nullified tomorrow.

Function of Bombers

A point of outstanding interest at the stage at which we have arrived is the threefold employment which is given to certain types of machine such as the Swordfish and Shark designs. They are officially catalogued as "Torpedo-Spotter-Reconnaissance machines," abbreviated, as is the service custom, to "T.S.R." Their function is to act as bomb and torpedo droppers, as spotting and photographic machines for the fleet's guns, and as scouts for the provision of information to the Commander-in-Chief and his staff. There is strong evidence here of the influence of naval thought on the employment of aircraft oversea. The T.S.R. machine is the aerial equivalent of the cruiser, which also has a triple function.

The T.S.R.s are a comparatively recent introduction, and it is too early yet to say that they will establish themselves as a permanent type. Indeed, it is permissible, on the evidence so far available, to doubt whether such a threefold task can be carried out by one machine, with its necessarily limited crew. It is permissible to doubt whether the human element can be trained to such a degree of versatility as is required. The seaborne cruiser carries a torpedo lieutenant, a gunnery lieutenant, a navigator, and usually Staff College graduate for operations and intelligence service. Each of these has a working staff of petty officers and men for the mechanical work. In the T.S.R. there is a pilot, and observer, and a spare hand to do all the work.

Certain successes in the employment of the T.S.R. in manoeuvers must be carefully weighed in this connection—their employment in the trade defence exercise off the mouth of the English Channel at the end of June, for example, resulted in the destruction of four enemy "raiders" which were attacking shipping. But it is to be noted that much of the information on which they acted was obtained by flying-boats on patrol or by purely reconnaissance machines. The attacking force was given the approximate position of the target by other aircraft. On one occasion three separate searching forces were given the last known position of the "raider," but failed to find the enemy.

Airplane's Possibilities

The functions of aircraft in naval warfare are (1) scouting, (2) artillery spotting, (3) attacking by bomb, torpedo, or machine-gun; and their usefulness, as at present determined, is in that order. Their potential usefulness as scouts is unquestionable. Their range of action, for one thing, ensures that the Admiral will receive information about the presence, course, speed, and disposition of an enemy force much earlier than he could do from a cruiser force. With a combined speed of approach of forty knots he ought to have his first reports five hours before contact is made. Jellicoe at Jutland had rather less than three hours, and the reports that were made to him were in the main so inadequate that when ultimately contact was made between the main bodies he had only a few seconds in which to decide on his course of action. Aircraft reports of enemy movements will need to be made on a system fundamentally different from that in force in the cruiser squadrons of the Grand Fleet in the last war. The mechanical value of the aeroplane can all too easily be cancelled by personal inefficiency in sending reports.

The Admiral, having received the first reports of the presence of the enemy, will need first of all to support his scouts by fleet-fighters to prevent any check to the flow of information. And he may decide also to harry the hostile force with torpedo and bombing attacks. But his ultimate and controlling aim all the time will be to bring his main force and his main armament into action against the enemy. The aircraft are but instruments to that end.

The spotter-reconnaissance aircraft come into operation when contact between the two fleets becomes

imminent. On the subject of spotting the fall of shell at sea by observers in aeroplanes little is allowed to be known publicly. It can be said that the task is one of extreme difficulty. Even in an orderly engagement, where four ships at the head of the line are engaged with the four ships at the head of the enemy line, each firing at its opposite number, accurate spotting is no easy matter even if the spotter machine is not attacked by opposing craft. But when, as at Jutland between 6:25 and 7:15 p.m., the airman's own fleet is firing at an indistinctly seen line, without knowledge as to where is its head or its tail—when, that is to say, No. 2 in his line may be firing at No. 7 in the enemy line without knowing it,—the task of deciphering the shell splashes becomes almost impossible, and the likelihood of utterly wrong ranges and deflections being given to the firing ship becomes almost a certainty. So few people realise how frequently it happens at sea that visibility is far less than the range of the guns. Even on a cross-Channel passage, if civilians can see five miles they think the sea is clear, whereas two fleets seeking action might be eight miles apart and only dimly sight units in the other line through occasional gaps in the haze.

Torpedo-Bombing

The tactics of the torpedo-bombing attack have been seen by thousands of civilians who have visited the dockyards during Navy Week. The conditions are a little unfair to the aircraft because the number of chimney-stacks and high cranes in and around the yard make it dangerous to descend as low for the mimic attack as can be done in the open spaces at sea. Consequently the attacking planes often obviously miss the target altogether since the pilot's attention is largely occupied with the safety of his machine among the obstructions. Nevertheless, a fair idea of dive-bombing is given by these displays. A vital point in the whole problem of tactics in such an assault can never be decided until it is tested under war conditions—can the anti-aircraft armament of the ship smash up the bombers as they dive and before they reach the target? Present-day anti-aircraft batteries can pour out an appalling stream of high-explosive shell as a moving curtain in front of the diving machines. One foreign gun, for example, can fire 250 shells a minute, each weighing 2 lb.—that is to say, in the few seconds that it takes to dive from 10,000 feet to the 100 feet at which the bomb is dropped, or the 50 feet at which the torpedo can be launched, one gun alone will have sprayed a quarter of a ton of metal fragments in the path of the machine, not to mention the air disturbance caused by more than a hundred successive explosions of the shells.

Therein we may see one cogent reason for checking a too hasty tendency to believe that air attack has revolutionised naval tactics. All experience of armament, since the day gunpowder was invented, goes to show that for every advance in the offensive there is a counter in the defence.—*Manchester Guardian.*

AVIATION IS GOING UPSTAIRS

By DONALD E. KEYHOE

From Aide to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

It is noon, but the sun is only a silver disk in the gloom of the stratosphere. There are no birds, no clouds; the weird purple sky seems forever doomed to icy desolation. But suddenly, through the eternal dusk, a tiny glow appears. It grows brighter. There is a flash of lighted windows, a glimpse of people dining within a warm, sealed cabin; then the stratosphere ship is gone, racing to span the continent at the speed of a rifle bullet.

Yesterday, only a dream. Tomorrow, a reality. Four of the leading American aircraft companies are today designing large passenger planes equipped for high altitude flights. The Army Air Corps has just completed a new laboratory for tests connected with altitude flying. Three universities are conducting medical experiments in coöperation with the government to determine human reactions at various pressure levels. Within six or seven months, it is predicted, five leading air lines will begin joint experiments in stratosphere flying.

Abroad, the British are now experimenting with a special stratosphere plane at heights up to 50,000 feet, and in their latest air-chamber tests have proved that pilots with pressure suits can go to 80,000 feet with safety. Already Germany has its "sealed-tube" ships, France its high-altitude experimental planes, and Italy a separate division in which pilots are being trained for military operations in the stratosphere.

Speed at lower levels has almost reached its limit, and danger has increased, for fast sky liners can plunge from good weather into bad in a few minutes. But the stratosphere is at all the times free from storms and "bumps." Here, where the stars shine constantly, planes will be guided by celestial navigation, and speeds will be so great that only long-distance flights will be practical, glides to airports starting 200 miles away.

First to explore the stratosphere was Major Ralph Schroeder. While testing army planes to determine their altitude "ceilings," he noted a surprising increase in speed at 26,000 feet. As he went on with the flights, climbing higher each day, his speed always increased. Then came the final test. "I had climbed to 34,000 feet. The plane became so steady that it seemed to hang motionless. The engine took on a deep, majestic note. It was as though I had entered another world."

Schroeder had passed the last frontier, and he flew in the stratosphere. But that moment of victory came to a sudden, almost tragic end. Nearly eight miles up, his oxygen ran low. As he lifted his huge double goggles to look for his reserve flask, he knocked the oxygen tube from his lips. His senses whirled, and his eyes, frozen in the bitter-cold air, turned up into their sockets. Blinded, senseless, he rode the plane down in a headlong dive. In the thick air below, he recovered consciousness. He pulled his eyes down into place, saw the ground toward which he was plunging at 600 feet a second. He pulled out at 1800 feet and landed, still almost blind.

This was 1920. Now, dozens have followed that upward trail. From recent government experiments and from the plans of our major air lines, a definite picture of the ultimate stratosphere ship and its flight in the upper skies has emerged. Built for nonstop coast-to-coast service, the plane is not unlike our present huge air liners, but there is a cabin within a cabin, braced to withstand the internal pressure, so that the manufactured atmosphere will not burst out or leak away. Double windows, with a vacuum between, are used to prevent frost from collecting on the outside because of the warmth within.

For a time after the take-off,

valves are left open so that the pressure in the cabin is temporarily the same as outside. Somewhere around 9000 feet the valves are closed, the cabin sealed. From this time on, superchargers, connected with the engines, compress the thin outside air to proper density for passenger comfort, and force it through ducts into the cabin. At heights above 40,000 feet, the oxygen supply is kept constant with the aid of liquid air "bled" into the ducts.

Incredibly soon the altimeter stands at 25,000 feet. The last clouds are like vast snowbanks below. The sun becomes more brilliant, begins to glow silver-white. The speed is nearly 300 miles an hour. The automatic propellers are gradually adjusting their pitch to take bigger bites of the thinning air. Compressors are delivering air at the proper pressures to engines and cabin, and while the thermometer outside the window says 69 below zero, it is warm inside. There is no heating plant: compressing the air raises its temperature so greatly that it must be cooled in wing radiators before reaching the cabin.

The plane has now reached its cruising level and passed the 400-mile-an-hour mark. Flying at 50,000 feet, more than nine tenths of the earth's atmosphere is beneath it. Air pressure outside is so low that a man thrown out would die instantly. His heart, liver, and other organs would expand to the bursting point.

But there is no danger to passengers in this ruggedly built ship. It has been tested to stand ten times the internal pressure. Nor is there any chance of air failure. Superchargers are connected separately, and all could not fail at once. Even if they did, there would be enough air in the cabin so that passengers could breathe without discomfort during a power glide to the lower altitudes.

This is the picture painted by the stratosphere men. The first step is expected this year—regular operation of mail planes in the substratosphere. From this to flight in the true stratosphere is only a matter of improving superchargers and bracing cabins.

More than one air-line official looks forward to a future which dwarfs the preceding description. They expect cruising speeds of 800 to 1000 miles an hour, with planes flying above 100,000 feet; round trips from New York to Europe in one day; world-girdling flights in ships that keep pace with the sun.

The stratosphere may bring new mysteries at the greater heights. Some scientists believe that there is a warm zone beyond the first half of the stratosphere. The years will bring the answer, and they will also bring new problems in economic and military affairs, because of the terrific speeds by which countries can be linked.

—Adapted from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

NEW ALTITUDE RECORD

On June 30 a new world's altitude record for aeroplanes was set up by Britain when Flight-Lieutenant. M. J. Adam reached a height of 53,937 ft. (about ten and a quarter miles). He thus beat the Italian record of 51,362 ft. created on May 7 this year by Lieut.-Colonel Mario Pezzi when he broke Sq.-Leader Swain's record flight made on September 28, 1936. On this attempt Flt.-Lieut. Adam wore the same type of high-pressure suit as that used by Sq.-Leader Swain, but slightly modified owing to the experience gained by the previous flight, and he piloted the Bristol "138" with "Pegasus" engine specially designed for high-altitude flying. The aircraft took off from the aerodrome at Farnborough at 5.40 a.m. and landed there at 7.55 a.m., so that the total flying time was 2 hours 15 min. When the ascent, which took 1 hr. 35 min., began, there was a clear sky and practically no wind. In the upper regions the wind was strong and bad visibility occurred during part of the flight, the sky being completely covered by cloud. Since the previous record was broken by this aircraft last autumn, certain essential researches into the conditions of flight at great heights have been carried out, and the machine will continue to be employed upon work of this character.—*The Illustrated London News.*

"Big Guns" for Military Aircraft

At various times, during and after the Great War, attempts have been made to provide military aircraft with a weapon larger than the machine-gun, but the problem has engaged the serious attention of all the great aerial Powers only comparatively recently. To-day the "canon," or shell-firing aerial gun, is being widely adopted on the Continent; and some very efficient weapons have been produced, particularly by the Oerlikon Company in Switzerland, the French Hispano-Suiza Company, and the Madsen Company of Denmark—to name three firms. The type of "canon" most commonly in use is about 20 mm. (0·7874 in.), and such cannon are accurate and effective up to 250-300 ft. range. The shells are provided with supersensitive fuses and explode upon contact with the fabric of a 'plane. They also include a self-destroying device, which may be loaded to burst the shells at a predetermined range, and so prevent them falling among troops on the ground. Now, an aircraft hit by one of these shells, even if not struck in a vulnerable part, can be seriously crippled by the small bursting charge of the 20 mm., 23 mm., and 25 mm. types—and this hitting force is enormously increased in the new American 37 mm. gun—whereas it was proved during the war that aircraft could be penetrated by hundreds of machine-gun bullets and still fly safely home. Various means have been worked out for carrying the "canon" in the wings, in the nose, and under the floor of the fuselage, all the guns being fixed. They are then brought on to the target by training the whole aeroplane on it. Other mountings in protected rotating turrets have now been devised. In 1917 the pursuit 'plane, or single-seater fighter, exceeded the speed of the bomber by approximately 50 per cent., but to-day the typer of bombers will do over 250 miles an hour, and the single-seater fighters only little over 300 miles an hour; so that the margin of speed has been materially reduced. In addition to this, the bomber is better armed than it was twenty years ago, and now there is practically no "blind spot." Therefore, to make their fighters more effective, European nations have been providing them with a "canon" which, in addition to a destructive power greater than that of the machine-gun, has a greater effective range. However, the small single-seater is usually restricted to one small-bore cannon, and, consequently, there has come into being a new type of fighter, of which the Fokker G. 1 is an example. This aircraft has a speed of over 250 miles an hour, and mounts two cannon and two machine-guns forward, and a movable gun in a plexiglass turret aft. She can carry 200 23-mm. shells for her cannon, and 1700 rounds for her machine-guns, and has been well named "Le Faucheur" ("The Mower"). The bomber is now taking to cannon to defend itself; and these larger aircraft can mount the 37-mm. weapon, which outranges the smaller cannon.

—The Illustrated London News.

【註】 (Peking is a Grand Person)

Lin Yu-Tang. 英米讀書界で支那及び支那人の紹介書として最上のものとして評判された"My Country and My People"の著者、林語堂

close to one's heart. 親しく感ずる

kungyu. 公厲、簡易アパートの如きもの也

Packards and Buicks. 何れも米國產の高級自動車

Rockfeller Foundation. ロックフエラー財團

with a big and bare belly. 大きい腹を出して

Western Hills. 西山 (北平郊外)

Jade Fountain. 玉泉 (山)

Temple of Heaven. 天壇

Temple of Agriculture. 先農壇

Three Seas. 舊皇城の庭園內の大液池 (北海、中海、南海)

extends credit to. 掛賣をして呉れる

devil-expellers. 御祈禱師

taxi-dancer. 職業的ダンサー

Kalgan. 張家口

Nankow. 南口

Yunglo. 明の永樂帝

Throne Hall. 太和殿

Forbidden City. 紫禁城(舊皇城)
Coal Hill. 煤山(又は景山と云ふ)
to boot. 其上に、オマケに
nobody cares a rap. 誰れも全然關はない
Shihshahai Lake. 什刹海
dime. (米俗語)十錢銀貨
Summer Palace. 頤和園

(Red Army)

in the dead men's shoes. 死人の後釜に坐つて居る
no longer the plain, blunt man of yore. ...昔ての飾りのないブツキラボウな人でなくして、憂色ある不安な人物
Commissar of Defence. 人民國防委員長
trial. トハチエフスキイ元帥其他の所謂謀叛者の裁判のこと
immunity. 免疫性、卽ち此處では、他から手を觸れられない獨立性
recalls the partisan and the civil war. 黨派與と內亂時代を想起させる
a potention maker of. ... 陸軍を創り上げる力を有する人
boon companion. 仲間、遊び友達、飲仲間
Madam Kollontai. ソヴエートの女外交官
the Maritime Province. 沿海州(シベリア)

(Bombers will Win)

the only index of .....來るべき更により大なるスピード(を持つ飛行機)の見本たるに過ぎない
thermite (=thermit). 燒夷劑
incendiary bomb. 燒夷彈
blind-flying. 盲目飛行
flying-boat. 飛行艇
head wind. 向ひ風
tail plane. 尾翼
dead-reckoning. 推測航法(此處では盲目飛行の事)
the writing in the air. 空に書かれて居る文字卽ち航空界の形勢
without cant. 隱語なくして、卽ち明らさまに
Bilbao. スペイン北部の工業都市で、スペイン政府軍と革命軍の爭奪地點となり、過般革命軍の手に歸した
Hopei. 河北省
fighter=fighting plane. 戰鬪機
observation plane. 偵察機
ferro-concrete. 鐵筋コンクリート

(Britain Tests)

Torpedo-Spotter-Reconnaissance machine. 魚雷偵察機
service custom. 軍の習慣
spotting. 發見する事
bomb and torpedo dropper. 爆彈及び魚雷投下飛行機
intelligence service. 情報勤務
Staff College. 陸(海)軍大學
Sea-borne cruiser. 海上の巡洋艦
a spare hard... 何でもする
raider. 此處では air-raiders で空襲機
range of action 行動範圍(行動半徑)
artillery spotting. 砲撃(照準及び着彈)觀測
a combined speed of forty knots. 敵及び味方の兩方から接近する速力 40 ノツトで
Jellicoe. 世界大戰當時の英國聯合艦隊司令長官(1859-1935)
The Grand Fleet. 大戰當時の英國聯合艦隊
in force. 行はれて居た
fleet-fighter. 艦隊戰鬪機
to prevent any check to the flow of information. 情報蒐集に對する支障なからしめんが爲
scout=scouting plane
The likelihood of utterly wrong ranges and deflections.... 全然誤つた照準及び偏流(彈丸の)の指導が發砲中の軍艦に與へられる事は必定だ
on a cross-Channel passage. 英佛海峽橫斷の航海では
high-explosive shell as a curtain. 强烈なる爆裂藥をダイヴし來る敵機の前面に動くカーテンの樣に恐るべき彈丸の流れを放出する事が出來る

(Aviation)

stratosphere. 成層圈
air-chamber. 氣室
bump. 空中の惡氣流
ceiling. 上昇限界
take-off. 離陸
small-bore. 小口徑
compressor=air-compressor. 空氣壓搾機
world-girdling flight. 世界一周飛行

(Altitude Record)

Sq.-Leader=squadron-leader. 中隊長或は、海軍少佐

(Big Guns)

self-destroying device.... 前以て標準を決められて居る距離で彈丸を破裂さすための自爆裝置
fuselage. (飛行機の)機體
pursuit plane. 追撃機
single-seater fighter. 單座戰鬪機

編輯室から

重大時局を前にして我々の小雜誌も時局的にハリ切つて讀者諸氏に見える事にした。始めから終りまで全誌悉く時局記事である。

然し乍ら全誌ゴツゴツと云ふ意味でない。支那の writer 林語堂氏の北京を語る記事の如き皇軍の威力と注意に依つて戰火から救はれた晴れ渡る秋空の下の永遠の都北京を描いて餘す所がない。今や秋空一碧日章旗が硝煙戰雲をよそに秋風にはためいて居るであらう。

× × ×

日支事變の側面ソヴエートの動向は吾人の重大なる關心の一である。特にスターリンのトハチエフスキイ元帥其他に對する所謂淸掃工作後の赤軍の動きこそ世界の注視の的である。ロンドンタイムス紙の觀る所以てすれば是れに依つて赤軍の威力は低下されたと云ふ。同紙の觀察と所論をお目にかける事とした。(カバー iii 頁へ續く)

WOODHEAD VOICES WARNING TO NANKING

Yielding to Public Opinion May Bring Disa... Write...

Dealing at length with the current strained aspect of Sino-Japanese relations, Mr. Woodhead declares that it is usually a dangerous development when a government, beset with military difficulties, is constrained to take military action to placate public opinion.

Public opinion is easily aroused and is usually ignorant of, or indifferent to, realities; but its pressure may some-

東京朝日(日曜不

POSITION C...

Air Arm Una... Japanese, W... tion Diff...

Domei

SHANGHAI, ... warning to the ... against the dan... lic opinion and ... tion in North ... an article by ... in today's Shan... Mercury. The ... vs Emotion, a... Predicament.

抗戰は冒險

ウツドヘッド氏說く

氏ドツハヘドツウ

【上海四日發同盟】 シャンハイ・イーヴニング・ポスト紙は三日の社說に於て英國報道通信ウツドヘッド氏の論說を掲げ、左の如く論じてゐる

來た國民政府から中央銀總動員の命令が下つた關係は見ないが中央當局が指定銀行の命令を受けたことは始と疑ひたい、更に建設線において同時に通貨動員が行はれるからかは知らないが、

...者、場合によつては中央當局は國際關係の緊張狀態に關し、建設線において同時に通貨動員が行はれるからかは知らないが、軍を進めることになるかも知れぬ、然しこれが實現すればこそ支那にとつて悲劇の惡夢はなくなるまい、半減、津浦線は言ふまでもなく、平漢、隴海線は言ふまでもなく、平漢、隴海線は言ふまでもなく、平漢、隴海

（八頁より續く）

其後の數頁はすべて之れを飛行機と空中戰の過去と未來或は各軍用機の性能、飛行機と海軍力、軍用機の搭載武器等の記事に宛てて置いた。如何に航空界が進歩しつゝあるか！特に空中戰術の驚くべき進歩と恐るべき將來の見透しに對して我らはたゞ驚嘆せざるを得ないものである。現在及び將來の戰爭の認識の一半は飛行機からと云ふも過言ではないであらう。本號收むる數篇何れも權威者の筆に成り、所論詳密にして明確讀者諸氏各位が何れも喜んで讀了せられるであらう事を信じて疑はない。

× × ×

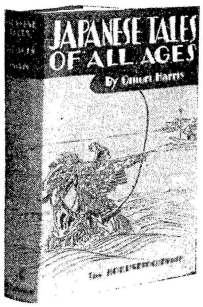
一方今次事變に際して吾人が毎日、新聞を讀むごとに憤懣に耐えないのは、如何に諸外國人が或は尠くとも諸外國新聞紙が事變の正確なる認識に缺けて居るかと云ふ事である。是れ位自明の事が分らないかと思ふとはがゆくて耐えられない程である。然し之等の認識不足の一半の罪は我々日本人の負ふべきもの、卽ち吾人が彼等の迷夢をさまさせようとしないが故である。本誌と我出版部は英語に通ぜる讀者諸氏各位が、一人々々我代辯者たる意氣と覺悟を以て臨まれん事を祈つて已まないものである。

此意味から出版部は本次事變に關する日本の立場と問題の歷史と本質及び外人側の論評等をあつめた一小册子を世に送つた。世界の喧囂なる逆宣傳裡にあつて先づ自ら認識を深く正しくして以て外人の蒙を開く一助とせられるならば我々の滿足は之に過ぎないであらう。『表紙參照』

(第三種郵便物認可) (昭和七年七月九日印刷) (昭和十二年九月廿五日印刷) (昭和十二年十月一日發行) (毎月一回一日發行) 發行兼印刷人 中土義敬 印刷所 北星堂印刷所 發行所 東京市神田區錦町三ノ十二 振替東京一六〇二四番 北星堂 (電話神田一四二九番) 一部五錢 一ヶ年送料共六十錢

Just Out

Japanese Tales of All Ages



日 本 物 語

by

OMORI HARRIS

Author of "Lotus through the Slime"

360 *pages* Price ¥2.80 *in Japan*

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Mr. Omori Harris, of whose widely-read novel "Lotus through the Slime" the London Times said,—"No book of travel or sociological study could give us a more vivid and truthful picture of modern Japan"—has written a fascinating story of the Japanese nation in the form of well-known tales from native sources of its heroes and outstanding events, from the cloudland era of the gods down to the present day, limned with light touches and in prismatic colours. His object, as the author says in his preface, was two-fold—to present an outline of affairs throughout the nation's history, and in the tales themselves to show the Western world something of the mental inheritance that has gone to the shaping of modern Japan.

Not only are these stories entertaining and absorbing to read, but they serve at the same time as a good index and most convenient approach to the mental make-up of the nation, whose people have been familiar with them almost from their cradles. The Japanese sense of humour is often said to be elusive for Westerners, but readers of this volume will learn really to laugh with the Japanese. Each nation has its own sense of justice and code of honour, even its own technique of teasing and deceiving; on all these things the stories cast a clear and penetrating light, showing up in turn the various facets of the racial character. But, after all, perhaps the most important thing for the casual book-buyer is that they are so well written that they read like a novel, with never a dull sentence from cover to cover; interesting to children as well as to grown-ups, these "Tales of All Ages" are especially indispensable to foreign students of Japanese education.

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